

E. Higginsbottom

His Name's on the Roll of Honour

(His Memory's in my Heart.)

SONG



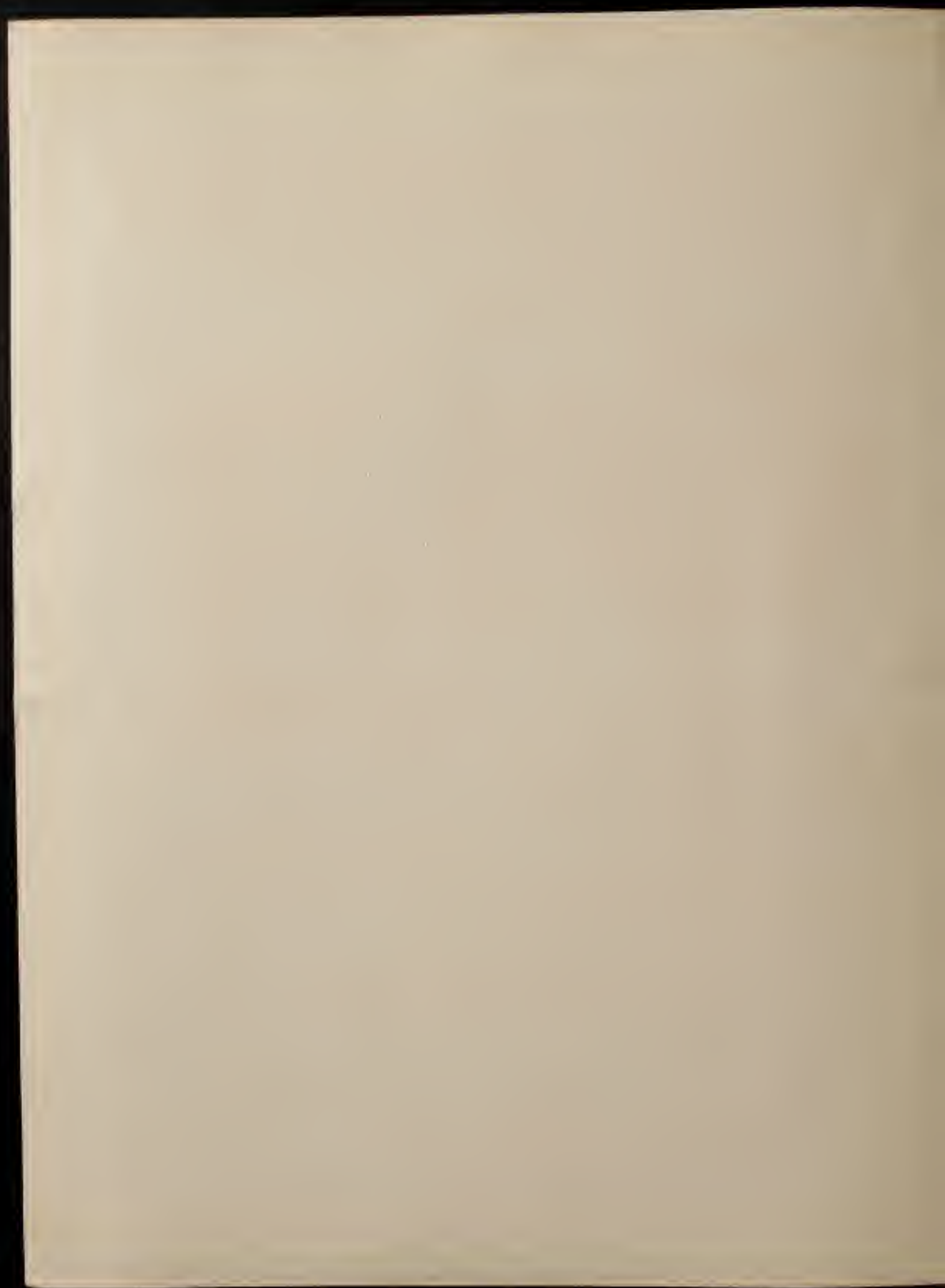
LYRIC BY
SERGT. J. BRUNO D.C.M.

MUSIC BY
BOMBER. H. ROSE

Both of the
Third Batt. C.E.F.

ARRANGEMENT BY JOHN W. GRAY

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HIS NAME'S ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR

Lyric by Sergt. J. BRUNO DCM. 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Music by Bomber H. ROSE 3rd Batt. C.E.F.

Andante

On the roll of hon-our is his name, Small com-fort to my heart, The
Yes he did all that a man could do, When Bri-tain called her sons, He

fin-est pal, I've ev-er had, At last we've had to part, Af-ter
helped to hold the Kha-ki line, A-gainst the en-'mies guns, When he

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all these years of glad-ness, I must strug-gle on a-lone, All the
 saved his wound-ed cap-tain, All his com-rades called him brave, Tho' he

sun-shine turned to sad-ness, While my heart feels like a stone.
 did not win a med-al, Still he found a he-ro's grave

Chorus

For I've lost the fin-est pal a girl could wish to find, Some

where in France in his last sleep he lies, And noth-ing but the mem-o-ries are

left with me be-hind, How bit-ter and how blank now seem the days. No

more his smi-ling face I'll see, Nor hear his heart-y laugh As to -

geth-er through the fields we used to roam, But there's an old mill by the stream Where I'll

of-ten sit and dream, Of you old pal, the best I've ev-er known.

rall.

"By Order of the King"

Words by A. F. McNICOLL.

Musical by M. F. KELLY.

By or - der of the King (God bless him) we'll fight and win or die. "The Em - pire and the King" (God bless him), is the na - tions cry. Our coun - try's pride are fight - ing. "God bless them and to - try bring." For they are glad - ly dy - ing just to keep the old flag fly - ing. By or - der of the King.

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We Are Coming, Mother England

Words and music by Raymond Moore.

We are com - ing, Mother Eng - land, Aye a hun - dred thou - sand strong, our hearts a - flame and joy - al, Our lips a - thrill with song. We have heard the call of hon - or and in faith and love o - bey. For the Un - ion Jack (God bless it) must win and live for aye.

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Canadian Jack

The Honor of the Empire

Words and music by FRANK B. FENWICK.

Our Can - a - dian boys are proud - ly march - ing. With their fas - es to the foe, You will nev - er find our Jack with a hind - let in his back, He's a gem in the crown of Bri - ta - nia.

Copyright F. B. Fenwick.

Complete copies of above songs from any music dealer.

We'll Never Let the Old Flag Fall

Words by ALBERT E. McNICOLL.

Musical by M. F. KELLY.

We'll nev - er let the old flag fall. For we love it the best of all. We don't want to fight to show our might. But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight. In peace or war you'll hear us sing. God save the flag, God save the King. At the ends of the world, the flag's un - furled. We'll nev - er let the old flag fall.

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The Call of the Motherland

Words and music by EDWARD W. MURRAY.

When war's alarms, and the call to arms, Comes across from the Motherland. At the call as one, each Can - a - dian son. Is read - y to take his stand. From East and West, we will give our best, And the prayers of our peo - ple bring: And side by side with the Em - pire's pride, We will fight for our flag and King.

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A Song of the Empire

Words and music by THOMPSON SMITH.

Hark! o'er our march - es world-wide fame. The call to arms re - sound - ing! Bri - tan - nia's might no more a - lone Shall stand to guard her is - land Throne. For lo! Her li - on Whelps are grown, and to her aid are bounding!

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